

MAY

MARY MARVEL



10¢

NO. 75

WOW

COMICS





"Now which one of those guys ate a whole case of my Wheaties this morning?"

EASY TO FIND THE GUY WITH THE HUGE APPETITE FOR WHEATIES. LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT BE A STAR PITCHER OR AN ALL-AMERICAN FULLBACK, TOO.

TOP ATHLETES GO FOR PLENTY OF SOLID NOURISHMENT, AND ONE OF THE FAVORITE TRAINING DISHES OF MANY SPORT STARS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES ARE CRUNCHY, FULL OF REAL CHAMPION NOURISHMENT, AND LOADED WITH A RIT-SWEET FLAVOR

THAT'S SECOND-HELPING GOOD. BETTER GET IN STEP WITH MANY FAMOUS SPORT HEADLINERS! GET LOTS OF WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PEARL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT--STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 624, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!



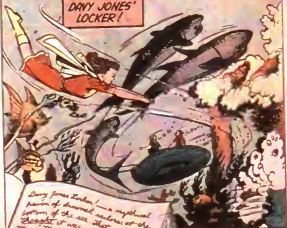
"breakfast of champions"

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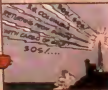
MARY MARVEL

DIVES TO
DARY JONES'
LOCKER!



Dary Jones Locker! — a mythical
haven of drowned sailors at the
bottom of the sea. That is, if all
thought it was mythical. Tell
Young Marvel plainly, tell
the World's Mightiest Girl, that the
World's Mightiest Girl is dead,
a drowning lamb in the midnight
depths, with the same love, from
the Upper Earth and the World
below. And on common sense,
there is Mary Marvel's
fight.

A COAST GUARD STATION REPORTS
AN EOL FROM HER OVER THE ATLANTIC





IT TAKES ONLY SECONDS FOR THE FLYING GUY TO SPEED OVER THE DANGER SIGNAL TO THE STRICKEN VESSEL!

THE FRIGHTFUL CREATURE SUCCEEDS!



THE SHIP'S
UNDER, BUT IT
WASN'T TOO LATE
YET! IT
FOLLOW!



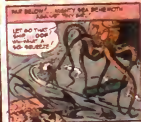
MARY MARVEL SWIMS TO THE SURFACE
IN PURSUIT OF THE SINKING SHIP!

THE OCTOPUS
IS COMING
DOWN FAST...
BUT I'M
CATCHING
UP!



THE BELOW! MARY MARVEL IS COMING
UP WITH THE SHIP!

LET GO THIS
SHIP! DON'T
WASTED A
NO-REUSE!



THAT'S BIG BOSS!

BUT DON'T GET
SO CLOSE WITH
ME, BIG AND
LITTLE!

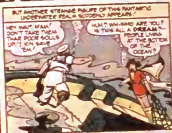


THEY'DENED
THE SHIP'S
DOWN! BUT THE SHIP
IS STILL COMING
DOWN TO GET
DOWN TO GET
DOWN!



DOWN TO GET WITH THE SHIP, MARY MARVEL
IS COMING DOWN TO GET DOWN TO GET
DOWN TO GET!







WITH THESE
SUCKER THEY
SWIM TO
WHERE AN
UNBELIEVABLE
SUCKLING
SUCKS
ON THE
ATMOSPHERIC
OCEAN
BOTTOM!





WE'RE ALIVE - BREATHING WATER! BUT WHEN YOU WE BE TAKEN UP TO THE EARTH'S SURFACE!

GO IN THE NEXT ROOM NOW, MY ASSISTANTS WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO YOU!

BARRY MARVEL, BEING ANSWERS TO BARRY MARVEL'S QUESTIONS ABOUT THE UNKNOWN CASTLE UNDER THE SEA!

BUT JUST WHO ARE YOU, MR. JONES? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE, CONCERNING PROVED PEOPLE? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

FROM ATLANTIS! IT'S TOO LONG A TRIP TO SPEAK, LAMAR. BUT WHEN ATLANTIS SANK BEHIND THE WAVES OUR SURVIVORS FOUND A WAY TO BREATHE UNDER WATER WITH THE METHICAL GEAR THAT WAS 3,000 YEARS AGO!

MORE AND MORE AMAZING IS THE STORY OF BARRY JONES' LOOKER!

WELL - YOU HEAR YOU LIVED FOR 3,000 YEARS?

YES, LAMAR! HE AN' MY CREW BUILT THIS GOLDEN CASTLE FROM SUNDER TREASURES WE BEEN BURIED A SORT OF THE HOTEL, YE HEAR! SAY!

BUT BARRY MARVEL, IS THAT ANSWER DON'T JONES!

BUT LAMAR, WHO ARE YOU? AND HOW CAN YOU BREATHE UNDER WATER WITHOUT METHICAL GEAR?

IS BARRY MARVEL, THEY CALL US THE METHICAL GEAR! YOU HEAR BARRY, YOU HEAR ME! I CAN'T BROWSE ON ME!

BUT LET'S GO BACK TO THAT SUNKEN SHIP - ABOVE BARRY'S BLUE SHIP'S - SO I'D I'VE SEE BARRY HAS A PROBABLY BETTER AND LEFT IN PLACE, AN' I'VE TO RUN THEM DOWN HERE, HANGS!

WELL, YOUR BROTHER, BARRY, TOO! LET'S GO!













MARY MARVEL

FIGHTS THE WAR
OF PAPER!



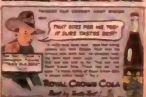
MARY MARVEL SAYS:

OUR COUNTRY'S SHORT OF PAPER, PAUL! WE JUST HAVEN'T ENOUGH MEN TO SPARE TO MAKE MORE!

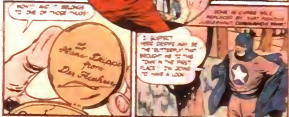
• AND PAPER IS A WAR WEAPON! IT MAKES SUPPLIES, CARRIES ORDERS, EVEN FIGHTS IN BOMBS AND BULLETS! • **SAVE IT! BUNDLE IT NEATLY!** AND TAKE IT TO A SALVAGE DEPOT OR TO THE RED CROSS: A **WOW** DEALER WILL PAY YOU FOR IT! **BE A PAPER PAL!**

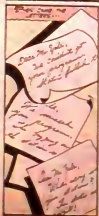
SAVE WASTE PAPER!
TURN IT IN—FOR VICTORY!

ADVENTURES OF "D.C." AND QUICKIE









HOW TO GET THE JACUZZI IN THESE TOWNS

RECORDS SHOW UP THE ALBION THIS FORMER SCHEDULE FOR OUT WITH THE NEW BOAT COMES UP THE FIVE

HE WAS TALKING TO THE FINEST AND MOST OF THE



WELL, NOW TO GET BACK TO THE HOTEL ROOM AND USE THE TELEPHONE



OH, OH, EYE-WITNESS - HELLO, HELLO, OPERATOR! - JUST AT THE MAIN COMMANDING OFFICE AT THE PRODUCE MAY WARD!



LET A MOMENT, HAVE WITH ME, OVER THE PHONE

WELL, TELLING ME



NOW THE LITTLE CATERPILLAR AND THE



THEY WERE TALKING AT THE BEST POSSIBLE TIME, THAT'S IF THE WARDEN IS AFTER, THAT'S THE PROBLEM, ALL A TROOP OF THE

WELL, TELLING ME

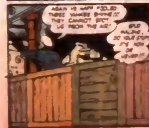
WELL, TELLING ME

WELL, TELLING ME



WELL, TELLING ME







THIS IS A CRONY
AFTER THE
NORMANDE JOE!



WELL, I'M NOT
THE PROSECUTOR
HAWK! BUT I'M
NOT SURE!

WELL, I'M
NOT SURE OF
THE PROSECUTOR
HAWK! BUT I'M
NOT SURE!



IT'LL FIGHT OUR WAY OUT
OF NEW YORK HARBOR AND
ON! HALF OFF THE SHIP!
DEFEAT! WELL, AT LEAST!



WELL, MY
CONDUCTOR'S
OLD SONGS
CHAVE!



WELL, I'M NOT
THE PROSECUTOR
HAWK!

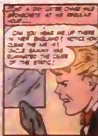
WELL, I'M NOT
THE PROSECUTOR
HAWK!



WELL, I'M NOT
THE PROSECUTOR
HAWK!



WELL, I'M NOT
THE PROSECUTOR
HAWK!



HELPFUL HUGO



MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED IS OUR FAVORITE TOOL



"YESSE, BOYS, there's one magazine we wouldn't miss a single issue of for anything! It has all the **FINCH** we like, and its crew, **Illustrated artists** keep us in touch with the latest developments in warfare, science and invention.

"We like the action about battles and building things, too—you should see the great model fighter plane **Captain Marvel Jr.** built from plans in a recent number!

"So come to get it, folks, because it's the magazine every red-blooded American, man or boy, needs to furnish the minute he sees his first copy. Buy it at your nearest newsstand today or better yet, use the story appearing after subscription form below."

FOR REAL SCIENCE ADVENTURE READING, SEND IN THIS COUPON!

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC., Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

Please send me the **NEXT SEVEN ISSUES** of **Mechanix Illustrated**, for which I enclose **ONE DOLLAR**. Enter my name as your subscriber for at once, so that I will be sure to receive the newest issue of **Mechanix Illustrated** the moment it comes off the press.

My name is _____ My address is _____

15¢ NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS!

MR. SCARLET and PINKY
BATTLE THE MANIAC OF THE MINE!

ATTLE THE MANNER OF THE MINE

DEAR FRIENDS: THERE IS ONLY DUCK WHO APPEARS IN THIS STORY! SHE IS A REAL PERSON, A NICE LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVES IN A SMALL TOWN IN ARIZONA. YOU CAN FIND HER NAME ANYWHERE SHE GOES! SHE IS BEAUTIFUL AND SHE IS A DREAM. OUT OF KNOWING BECAUSE HE WOULD HURT YOU! I DEDICATE THIS STORY TO DUCK, AND TO ALL THE OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA...THE

WE'VE FORMED TO TELL YOU WHAT THE STORY IS ABOUT
AND OUR PRIME SETS CALLED US TO BRING TO THE
FRIENDS OF MEN BEFORE THE ADVENTURE WAS OVER
WE HAD PLAYED A GAME OF HOT AND COLD
IT WAS A TERRIFICOUS MANICURE
DANGEROUS AND DANGEROUS IN A DEEP
OLD HANDS BEING HELD TO
SWAY AND SWAYING
AND LAUGHING

YES : I AM A REAL
SUN, AND I AM
SO PROUD AND
HAPPY THAT
MY SCARLET
AND PINKY
CAME TO ME
AND YOU
WILL READ
BELOW

ONE OF THE MOST TREASURED POSSESSIONS
OF SPAN-BLUE AND PECKY WINGS. Laid
out with the other birds in a row on the

YOU KNOW, PAPA,
I ALWAYS STOP
FOR A LITTLE
TASTY DUCK OF
SALAD WHEN
I VISIT.

7. **SLAVE WORK** KING OF
ART TO BEING IN A
DANGEROUS SITUATION THE
MOUNTAIN.

Available for the
first time in 20
years, this edition

Don't be greedy, Percy.
We just had a really
great birthday, don't
you?

Handwritten notes in Urdu script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

(2) 2000



"A WHOLE LOT OF
FROM THEIR FRIEND
BUDDY DUCK!"

Dear Reader,

If you are
a little thingy
in a mother's
house, or like that
it will tell you
that about some
grand old man
in a house and
make the best of
it. So let me
Parker. Will
you help
them.

Yours Truly,
Sammy Duck
The Duck
Dear ones

"WHOOPEE! WE DID
AGAIN!"

"YES, PEARCY, BUT
WE'RE GOING
THERE ALSO TO HELP
BUDDY DUCK. HE
NEARLY NEVER TURNS
DOWN AN OFFER, LIKE
THAT!"



LET US CLOSE THE CURTAINS ON OUR
TWO PIONEERS, LEAVING FOR A WHILE
THOSE HOPE OF TOWN, TO ARIZONA IS
PART OF LUDWIG'S FILLING-UP
TO SAY THAT THEY ARRIVE THERE
AND DUFFY...

"BONG! THE ROOM—
ATTENDING—
EVERY BONE OF
HIS ACRES."

"BUT WE'RE MORE
PEARCY FROM
TO FIND
BUDDY..."



"BUT BUDDY PICKS THEM!"

"HE, BUTLER AND
PEARCY, I PROMISE
TO PICK YOUR
PICTURE!"

"BUDDY
BUDDY DUCK!"

"BONG!
SHE'S A
NICE
LOOKING
GIRL!"



"AND I THINK
YOU'RE OUTTA
PEARCY!"

"IN ONE
WINK—AOL—
DO YOU?"

"YOU'RE
REMARKABLE
COUNTRY—"



"BUT NOW MY
BROTHER IS
BEATING ME
A HOT HEAT
HURRY!"

"WE DON'T
HAVE TO BE
COMEDY!"



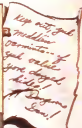
"THANKS, BUDDY AND
PEARCY, THAT'S
THE SECOND
TIME YOU'VE
GOTTEN A HIGH
SCORE, HURRY!"

"YOU'RE WELCOME, AS
SURE AS I'M NOW!
BUT, TELL YOU
ONE OF MY
PEOPLE IS TROUBLE."

"YES,
DO!"

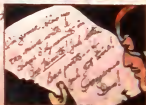














DANGEROUS DAN A BOMB TO BLOW UP THE MINE AND... WHOA! SOMETHING'S FISHY ABOUT THAT FISHY-GOULD BARFET-A DAN BLOW HIMSELF UP TOO!



BUT DO YOU EVER TRY TO WRITE A BOOK----- WITH HALF A DOZEN YOUNGSTERS AROUND? I CAME DOWN TO THE HILL TO FINISH MY BOOK IN SOLITUDE!

I PLAYED THE PART OF DANGEROUS DAN, A MARSH, JUST TO KEEP BOTHERSOME PEOPLE AWAY! I HAD TO HAVE TIME TO FINISH MY STORY!

SOMEONE IT FURNISHED SOME MORE MATERIAL FOR MY STORY--THE VILLAIN IN IT IS-----DANGEROUS DAN! NOW DON'T BOTHER ME, WHILE I FINISH THE LAST CHAPTER!

THE WOULD-BE AUTHOR TURN BACK EARLIER TO HIS MANUSCRIPT!

SO THAT'S WHERE I HEARD THE NAME SPIDER--DANGEROUS DAN! MOTHER WILL BE SO HAPPY TO HEAR DAD IS SAFE!

LET HIM FINISH HIS BOOK--- THEN WE'LL TAKE HIM HOME!

LATER AFTER A CHANGE BACK TO BUTLER AND PRINCE THEY WITHDREW A HAPPY FAMILY REUNION AT THE BATHON HOME!

IM SO SORRY I MADE YOU WORRY DREAM! BU' I HAD TO FINISH MY BOOK!

I'M GOING TO READ THE MANUSCRIPT NOW!

IT'S GOOD WE'VE SURE A PULL-THAT WILL BUY IT AND IT WILL MAKE YOUR SMALL FORTUNE WILL THAT I AGREE WITH ME!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOME OF THE PROCEEDS WE SUPPLY--- YOU SEE I USED MR. SCARLET IN THE STORY!

THEY TAKE THEIR LEAVE OF BUTY CLUCK WHO HAD BROUGHT THE HAPPY EVENT TO PASS!

THANKS BUTY! NOT ONLY HAVE YOU HELPED THE WEDDING PARTY BUT YOU'VE HELPED PRINCE AND ME! TELL ALL YOUR KIND-HEARTED FRIENDS NOT TO SEND US ANY MORE MONEY!

ALL RIGHT, MR. SCARLET-- I'LL TELL THEM YOU WANT LETTERS FROM THEM, BUT NO MONEY!

THE SIGNAL

BY ED WHITE

AN ADVENTURE
OF PENNY GRAVES
AMERICAN WAC

PENNY GRAVES, American WAC, stepped outside the door of the club to watch the lights of London blink out, as if a giant hand were pulling a shade over the city. It was the hour of black-out.

One light lingered a little longer than the rest. Penny pointed to it.

"The light in the old church steeple," she said.

"What's that?" asked her companion, looking quickly at her from under the brow of his R.A.F. officer's cap.

"It's a famous story where I come from," Penny laughed. "One time when my ancestors were expecting some trouble from your ancestors our look-outs were to signal your approach with lanterns being in the church steeple."

"Really?" and Flight Lieutenant Geoffrey Evans, embarrassed.

"One of my head, two of my eyes," Penny recited, "and I am the—"

"Very interesting," said Geoffrey. He opened the door to the club. "Let's go in."

The club was crowded with people, sitting around tiny tables that were jammed close together, smokers being in a cloud over the room. An American singer at the far end of the room waited a moment that the voices of patrons all but drowned out. Penny sat quietly on the edge of her chair.

"Take your gloves off," said Jeff. "You'll like this place."

"It was nice of you, Jeff," said Penny. "In these war-torn nights of London, I've enjoyed these all-though I don't like this."

"This is quite a place," said Jeff. "Spice must have."

"Spice?" asked Penny. Then she saw he was joking.

"Sure," said Jeff, grinning. "Look around you. Look at all these people. Don't they look like spice?"

Penny looked, and the people did look funny. Then she saw the singer leaving the small stage. She jumped up.

"For goodness' sake," she exclaimed. "That girl is Anna Brindman! I haven't seen her for years—except on Jeff."

Penny reached the door that led to the dressing room and walked down a dark passageway. Ahead, a door closed. She went up to it and knocked.

For a minute there was silence, then the door opened a crack.

"Anna," said Penny. "It's me—Penny."

"I beg your pardon," said a cold voice.

"You remember me," said Penny, pushing the door open wider. The girl inside stepped back reluctantly. She looked impatient.

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake," she said. "My name is not Anna."

"Why Anna Brindman," exclaimed Penny. "Are you still angry because I tried to persuade you not to run off with that German fellow?" Penny looked incredulously at the girl. Then her eyes went wide as the door banged shut behind her. She started.

"You were referring to me?" said the tall, narrow-eyed German who looked his back against the closed door. Penny gasped.

"Really," said the girl. "You shouldn't have said that. I could have—"

"Get me rid of her?" asked Rudy. Penny looked wildly from one to the other. "I think not. We could not have her showing your name like that, at any rate."

"What's going on here?" demanded Penny.

THE GERMAN reached into his right pocket and pulled out a gun. He pointed at her. "What is not going on here is my name told from you," he said. He nodded to Anna. "Give me the message. It is a perfect night, tonight. Very dark. The best will be coming."

Anna took an envelope from inside her dress.

"I'm going with you," she said. She was breathing hard. "No," said the German.

"But, Rudy," the girl pleaded. "It's too dangerous here, now. This girl—"

"The girl will be exposed of course," said Rudy. Penny gasped. "When the best is well out in it."

Penny tried to collect her thoughts. They were sparse. What Jeff had said as a joke was actually true.

"That maybe she had something with her," the girl said.

"Very likely," said Rudy. "Tell him you know nothing."

Rudy took the envelope from Anna's hand. "He caught," she said. The German's lip curled in a twisted smile.

"You," he said, nodding at Penny with his gun. "You will not open your mouth, do you understand?" Penny nodded. The German motioned her to guide him out the door.

They left by a side-door that opened into the backmost stage. The German produced her toward a car that stood at the curb.

Penny crossed the pavement. As she walked she tugged at the fingers of one of her gloves. The entrance of the club was about twenty feet away. She pulled the glove up and tossed it covertly toward the door. Then Rudy gestured her into the car.

He climbed in after her, made a gag from a handker-

climb and tied her arms behind her with a rope. He drove off into the night.

It was a while later that the boat water crossed to Jeff's table and laid Penny's gloves in front of him.

"A man and woman coming in found this by the door," he said. "You were the only fellow I saw coming in with a WAC on."

Jeff looked inside the cuff. Penny's name was scratched. "Whose's Penny's," he said in surprise. He stared at the glove. All the fingers had been pulled inside out except the first and second. "The old V for Victory," he mused.

Then he sat up straight. How could her glove have gotten outside? He remembered distinctly that she had her gloves on when they sat down. Jeff rose and hurried to the dressing room.

He met Anna Breckman coming out for her next number.

"I say," he called, "what's become of Penny?"

"Penny?" said the girl. "What penny?"

"Your friend from America," said Jeff. "She went back to see you half an hour ago. Penny Green—the WAC."

"I saw nobody," said the girl. "And I know nobody named Penny—and no WAC!" She walked onto the stage and began to sing.

Jeff stared at the glove in his hand. His eyes narrowed and he hurried to the door. He found a staircase and jumped in.

"Hurry, old man," he said. "Take me to my air base, and don't spare the horses!" He gave the lighting directions.

"On the dark bench, two figures moved slowly lifting a third into a tiny rowboat.

"Was the patrol boat jumped?" Rudy whispered.

"Yes," whispered the other. "Ten minutes ago."

"Shove off," said Rudy. They pushed the small boat into the water and rowed steadily for fifteen minutes. A large shape loomed out of the darkness above them. It was a

fishing boat. The two men clambered aboard, dragging Penny with them.

"Put the girl up forward," whispered Rudy. "by the engine. We'll sail three miles before we start the motor."

THERE WAS a light head around Penny's heart as the lay sprawled on the greasy bottom of the boat. The smell of gasoline was strong around her. She managed to work her ropes loose enough that she could slip out of them. But even if she escaped, how could she stop the spies?

In another part of the world, British Commandos waited to deliver a surprise attack, but if the German delivered his message the surprise would be gone. He had told her this! The Commandos would find the enemy prepared for them.

They were a mile out at sea already. Penny could swim, but she doubted her ability to cover a mile of icy, choppy water.

She heard the sound of an airplane motor. She held her breath. It came closer. The plane roared low, directly overhead, and passed on. Penny waited. The plane swept back. Her heart leapt. She wriggled free of her ropes and pulled a waterproof match box from her pocket pocket.

She took a deep breath, struck a match and threw it at the oily motor. Without looking back she jumped for the boat rail, looked at the face of a German sailor who hung at her, and plunged into the water. Flames were darting up from the motor and the oil-soaked bottom of the boat.

Smoke rose up from the rear of the boat. Sailors cut the water near her head. She dove and swam as far as she could. When she came up the boat was farther away. The plane circled overhead, now, but the fire on the boat was nearly out.

She still gripped the waterproof match close to her head. Holding it high over her head, she opened it, pulled out a

match and struck it. It flared and went out. Then she struck another, and another.

Overhead, the plane engine coughed in reply, then the plane circled away. It came back in a morning, towing divers. At once its wings seemed to spread first as its machine guns blasted out. A hail of bullets swept the boat and the left flared up again, brighter. The plane circled back and swept the boat again.

There was an explosion. The boat took one hit and the boat was wreathed in flame. The plane flew off into the night.

Penny realized she was so stiff with cold she could scarcely tread water. She was barely clinging to consciousness when the patrol boat, summoned by the shooting, loomed her with its searchlight and pulled her to safety.

It was in the hospital room where Penny was recovering from exposure that she and Jeff made their report to the commanding officer.

"I know she was in trouble, sir," Jeff said, "because, the glove was outside, and that meant she had been seen. Penny. And then I remembered that story."

"Story?" frowned the officer.

"About Paul Brown," said Penny. "Dead by land."

"And too if by sea," Jeff chimed in. "Two fingers of the glove were sticking up—that meant by sea. As you know, sir, there isn't much current near London that isn't crawling with the army. I didn't have much else to say."

Penny said: "When I was in the water and struck those matches, Jeff knew I was out of the boat and he could shoot."

"It was a splendid job," said the officer. "Anna Breckman led us to the rest of the spies—the Commandos read was extraordinary, you're both heroes!"

"Good," said Penny. "That G.I. spirit lives in the real hero. It's my most treasured possession—want to my lipstick."

The End

PEE WEE PETE





THE PHANTOM EAGLE

MEETS A FIGHTING
ANCESTOR!

ADAM
WALKER
WALKS
ALONE
ON AN
ENGLISH
BEACH...

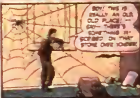
THERE GO OUR BOYS
INTO THE SEA! --SAND
THE PHANTOM SQUADRON, THE
CORNET PLANE, AND I HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR OVER 2000
YEARS -- A GOOD SOLDIER, DAVE
DEEDEN!



--SAY! THERE'S AN
INTERESTING OLD
CASTLE! IT'S BE
FUN EXPLORING IT!

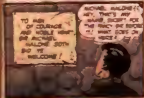


BOY! THIS IS
REALLY AN OLD
PLACE! --
SAY-- THERE'S
SOMETHING IN
SCARRED ON THAT
STONE OVER THERE



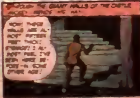
TO MEN
OF COURAGE
AND WISDOM
WE WELCOME
YOU BOTH
AND YOU
WELCOME!

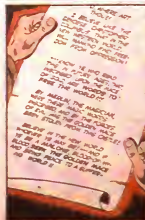
MICHAEL WALKER!!
HEY, THAT'S MY
NAME, DON'T FOR
THE NAME OF BORN
TO WHAT DO YOU
WANT TO DO?

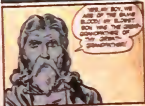


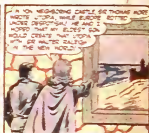
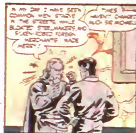
WALKER THE GREAT HALLS OF THE CASTLE
WALKER WALKER WALKER

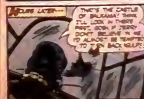
WOW! THESE
WALLS ARE AL-
MOST FIFTY
FEET THICK!
FIFTYFEET! I AM
NOT FEEL THE
WALL HERE BE-
FORE -- A YOUNG
STONE AGE!













IT'S NOT A
TINY NO SERVICE



WHY ARE
YOU??

LADY
THAT
SURREN
DOES
BOTH
WAYS?



I AM THE DAUGHTER
OF PRINCE POWERS.
THEY ARE HOLDING ME
AS A HOSTAGE SO
NO ONE HONTS
THE ALLEGES!

YOU
MEAN
THERE ARE
MORE IN
THE CASTLE?



YES - AND
THEY ARE
TERRIBLE
- TERRIBLE!

LADY A
HUNDRED
MILLION
PEOPLE HAVE
TOLD ME THAT
LIE?



FOUR MORE IS TOP BY
- TWO DEWES

PLEASE
THAT
HE
MAY!

SOON IF I DO
I WON'T BE
ABLE TO BRING
FOR THE
SOUTH WASH!

OH - WHAT
THAT
WON'T!



WELL - AND SO
DUE LITTLE MONEY
HAS DONE A
BUTY WELL
AND WHO SAW
YOU BET!

SHUP!



I'M THE PRINCE-
POWERS. ENOUGH YOU
WAS. SO-WAS-NO!

WELL, GOOD, BUT I
AM NO WAS. SO-WAS-NO!
I AM YOU POWER, THE
PRINCE OF THE ALC



YOU PUT OUT
HE IS THE BUREAU!
THAT IS - IF YOU
WAS ANY MORE
OR COURAGE

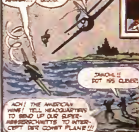
I'LL HAVE TO
DIE, WELL...
NO WAY OUT OF
IT - THE BUREAU
WILL HAVE TO
DIE!



THE TWO PLANES HURLE TOWARD EACH OTHER AT ONCE AND FALL AN HOUR—AND AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE GERMAN CRACKS!!

NOT NOW I DO NOT WANT TO DIE IT—AAAAH!!

DEATH! HAS COME! BUT JUST AS I THOUGHT—TO WHAT WHITE CRIBBLES IN HIS BLOOD!



OH! SENDING THE PHANTOM SQUADRON TO RESCUE!



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